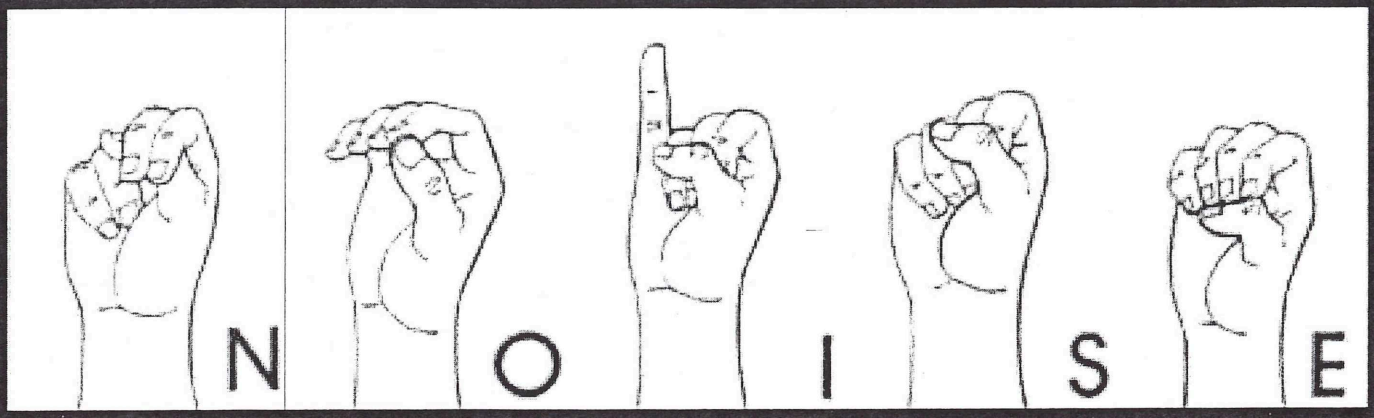
[WBOR] [2010 Feb]



Letter from the Editors

*Front Cover by Zachary Coffin

*Back Cover by Zoe Lescaze

Hello again. Its beem a while. Sorry about that. We tried our best. Sometimes our best isn't good enough. Anyway, we're back. Again. And we're better than ever. (arguable)

We've received more submissions for this volumeof Noise than ever before.

This excites us greatly.

Apologies if your submission did not make it into this issue. Rest assured they are safe in our collective womb. They may eventually see the light of day. Only time will tell.

We love this (and you).

Thanks for reading, looking, touching, etc...

sincerly yours,
[redacted] staff
noise magazine

P.S.
NOISE MAGAZINE RELEASE PARTY!!!

w/ the milkmans union.

!!!!saturday, february 6th, 2010

FRIDAY!! 5th

Staff

Alyssa Phanitdasack ..... Gidget

J. Christopher Rowe ..... The Devil

Dan Lorberbaum ..... The Devil's Advocate

Zach Coffin ..... Pee Wee Herman

Christine Rutan ..... Ghostbusted

Eleanor West ..... Elated Otter

Jenna Breiter ..... Blood Diamond

Maggie Brenner ..... Neil Armstrong

Bryant Johnson ..... The Macho Man Randy Savage

Sarah Wood ..... Mufasa

Vivek Stalam..... The Sandman

Olivia Madrid ..... Righteous Rodent

Nick Stone ..... Dan Ackroyd

Janner Harvey ..... The Bearded Lady

Kristina Goodwin ..... In Absentia

Salma Berrada ..... The Tooth Fairy

Send your submissions to Noise at

wborzine@gmail.com

ta b l e o f c o n t e n t s

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reflecting on the top ten albums of the 2000's

villy spacehorne, ironically, consumption

chicken and sausage file gumbo

found poetry
gesture
Beast coast

the bronx maneater

woodblock print & one more cup of salvation and i'll go

" & letting go to live: after midnight thoughts

cakecakecakecakecakecakecqakecakecakecakecakecakecakecakecake

image and poem

etude for snooks eaglin & robots!!!
the essence of j dilla

the bone collector
creps !

Newfoundland and spits of light
Charles Pebuley
dear sofia
confessions of dylan greenleaf pt. 3

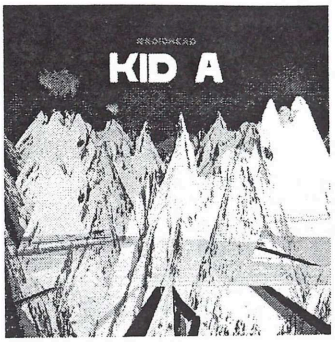
poem and photo
a day in the life of tanneer harvey
r
CONCERT CALENDAR!!!

grigs p.i.

Reflecting on the 2000s: Ten Albums

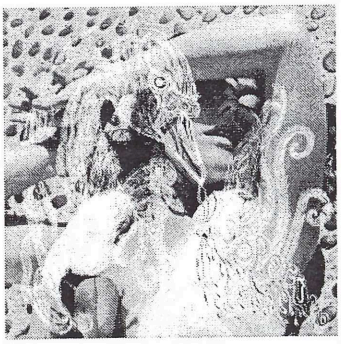
I hate lists. To-do lists. Mailing lists. Guest lists. Christmas lists. David Letterman's "Top Ten" lists. Worst of all is the year-end top ten list. Whether it's top ten books, movies, albums, U.F.O. sightings, or Rodney Dangerfield look-a-likes, the lists never make any sense and always end up ignoring all-too-many great things. What could be even more preposterous than the year-end top ten list? How about a top ten list for this whole damn ramshackle decade that we just bid farewell to? Well, I don't know nearly enough about the music of the past ten years to do that, nor do I think any one person really does. Furthermore, I'm not sure it's possible to really determine what music was the "best" (i.e. how does one decide whether Ornette Coleman's Pulitzer Prize winning Sound Grammar is better than J Dilla's Welcome 2 Detroit? Which bumps harder perhaps? Because if so, I think Dilla's winning this one).

All that said, I have listened to a lot of music in the past ten years, so I think I can offer you something. This is not a top ten list. These are not the ten best albums of the decade. Instead, these are ten albums that made the decade great. And it was great.



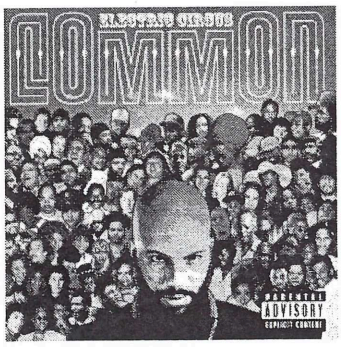
Radiohead – Kid A (2000)

What can you say about Kid A? Beats skitter. Synths warble. Strings swell. Guitars crunch. Thom Yorke croaks. We can't understand a thing he says. W don't care. "I'm lost at sea / don't bother me / I've lost my way / You're living in a fantasy / This beautiful world." Still as relevant as ever.



Bjork – Vespertine (2001)

The 2000's were about electronics in the way that the 1960s were about guitars. Whereas electricity opened a new world of sound for the 60's rock world, computers blew the roof off the damn thing in the 2000s. All of sudden, anything was possible. Anything. Vespertine is about Bjork exploring these possibilities, collaborating with anyone and everyone – string orchestras, choirs, DJs, music box makers... The result is grandiose— both heavily processed and beautifully organic— "electronic folk music" in Bjork's words. Along with Kid A, it's one of the absolute pinnacles of pop music, not just for the 2000's, ever.



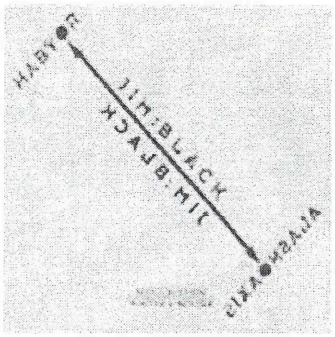
Common – Electric Circus (2002)

Electric Circus is the crowning achievement of the Soulquarians, the loose hip-hop collective responsible for gems such as D'Angelo's Voodoo, Mos Def and Talib Kweli's Black Star, and The Root's Things Fall Apart. The studio sessions are something of legends. Recorded between Prince's home studio and Jimi Hendrix's Electric Lady Studios, the album features a who's who of hip-hop and beyond— J Dilla, Questlove, Prince, Pharrell, Erykah Badu, Cee-lo, Mary J. Blige, Bilal, Jill Scott, and many more. What resulted was a creative triumph, an album that stretched all the boundaries of hip-hop, drawing great influence from 60's psychedelic soul, as well as modern electronica. Common rhymes, "Blood and magic dripping from me / True thugs and addicts I grip at entry / Enter this game with tricks and envy / I forget game to remain an emcee." The man knew what he was doing. He's wasn't working within the constraints of commercial hip-hop, but instead attempting to create a new form. Psychedelic hip-hop perhaps? I don't know, but it's like nothing else out there.

that Made the Decade Great, Part 1

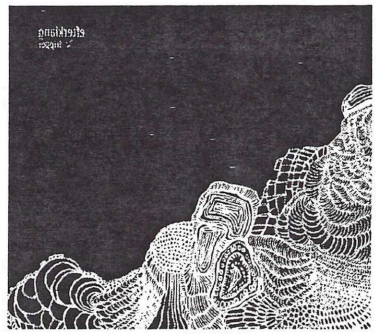
by Peter McLaughlin

Alasnoaxis – Habyor (2004)

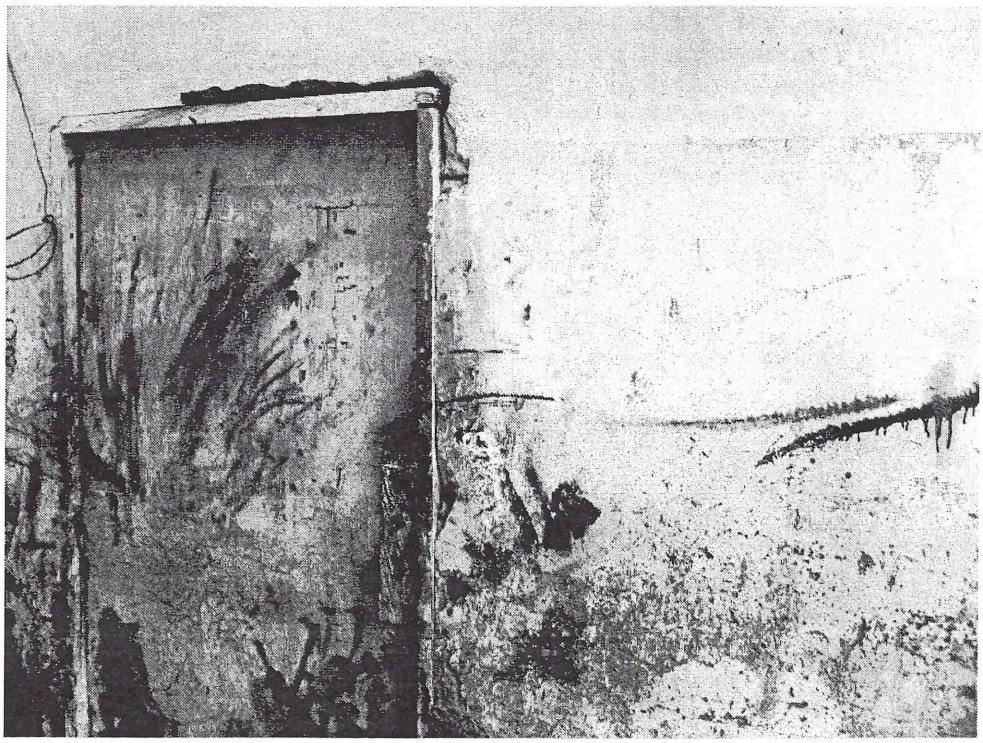


Alasnoaxis is made up of Jim Black, Chris Speed, Skuli Sverssion, and Hilmar Jensson, four jazz musicians, but not really. They all studied at Berklee School of Music in the early 90's and did things that aspiring jazz musicians do, like "play standards" and "work on their technique." However after college, they made their own way in the music world, leaving jazz in the top drawer of their dorm room dresser when they moved out. These guys play music, first and foremost. Their bands have names. Their guitarists uses effects pedals. Sometimes they even rock out. Sure they may improvise a bit, but it always serves the song. And Alasnoaxis plays songs, in the pop/rock sense of the word. They're instrumentals sure, but they come out of the tradition of the great singer-songwriters— Lennon/McCartney, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Jimi Hendrix, Thom Yorke to name a few. They're songs without words and beautiful songs at that. Their lack of a vocalist allows them to operate in a manner that a vocalist-centered band simply can't and their captured performances have a flexible organicism that comes with being an experienced improvising ensemble. If Alasnoaxis is a rock band then they are touching things that no other rock band ever has, and if they're a jazz group, ditto. Either way you flip it, these guys are doing something and it's a pleasure to listen to, whatever you decide to call it.

Efterklang – Tripper (2004)



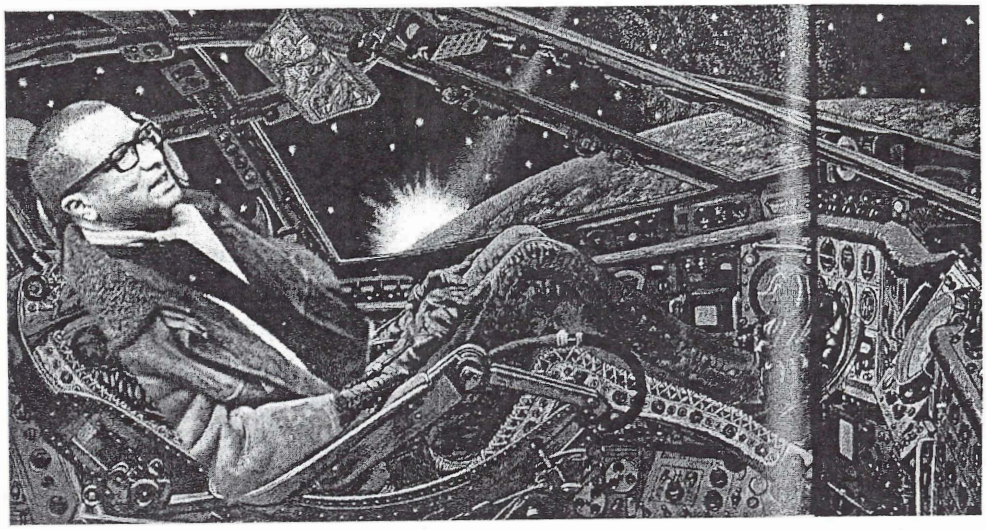
When I first heard Danish band Efterklang, my immediate reaction was that I had never heard anything else quite like it. This is not to say that Tripper is without precedent. In fact, its electro-acoustic-orchestral sound seems like a logical step forward after albums like Kid A and Vespertine. Still there's something new, different, even other-worldly about this album. It's something about the atmosphere of it, Efterklang's distinctive sound, a unique combination of folk, pop, electronic, choral and chamber music. It's at once dark and moody— strings and synths, horns and choirs, glitchy beats and whispering vocals. It's music that could only come from Scandinavia. Somehow cold, dark winters, though ostensibly bleak and depressing, inspire gorgeous music (see also: Arvo Part, mum, Bjork, Kira Kira, etc).



Zara Bowden

Part 2 coming next issue

BILLY SPACEHORN



by Chris Rowe

Listen to these, please:

The Delta Rhythm Boys - Take The 'A' Train

Gorillaz - Stylo (feat. Bobby Womack and Mos Def)

Little Red - It's Alright

Dent May & His Magnificent Ukulele - Meet Me In the Garden

The Walkmen - Donde Esta La Playa

Mille - Crysteena



by alyssa phanitdasack





This Weathersby family take on a traditional New Orleans gumbo is perfect for a cold New England day.

But beware, it can take up to three or four hours form start to finish!

-The Grigs

CHICKEN AND SAUSAGE FILÉ GUMBO

Serves 8

One of the richest Cajun Gumbos, this makes a hearty and unusual dinner. Be sure to include plenty of sausage from the pot along with a piece of chicken in each serving.

THE GUMBO BASE:
1¼ lb. creole smoked sausage, sliced 1/2-inch thick
~~½ lb. lean baked ham, cut into 1/2-inch cubes~~
1 (3½ to 4-lb.) fryer, cut up
½ c. green pepper, chopped
½ c. green shallot, thinly sliced
2 Tbsp. parsley, finely minced
1 Tbsp. garlic, finely minced
2 c. onion, chopped
THE ROUX:
⅔ c. vegetable oil
⅔ c. flour
THE LIQUID AND THE SEASONINGS:
3 qt. cold water
3 tsp. salt
1 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
⅛ tsp. cayenne
¼ tsp. dried thyme
3 whole bay leaves, crushed
2½ to 3 Tbs. filé powder

~~Brown the chicken parts in the hot oil, turning them several times to ensure even browning. Remove to a heated platter and place in a preheated 175° oven to keep warm.~~ Make the roux by gradually adding the flour to the oil, stirring constantly. Reduce the heat and cook, always stirring, until a medium brown roux (the color of hazelnuts) is formed. When the roux reaches the right color, immediately add the sausage, ham, onion, green pepper, shallot tops, parsley and garlic. Continue cooking over low heat for 10 minutes more, still stirring, then add 1/4 cup of water, the reserved chicken pieces, and all the seasonings except the filé powder; mix thoroughly. Gradually stir in the rest of the water. Raise the heat and bring to a boil, then lower the heat and simmer the gumbo for 50 minutes to 1 hour or until the chicken parts are tender. Stir frequently, ~~taking care not to break the pieces of chicken~~. Remove the pot from the heat and let the simmer die down, then add the filé powder and stir.

Let the gumbo stand in the pot for 5 minutes after adding the filé, then serve in gumbo bowls or deep soup bowls over boiled rice.

from The New Orleans Cookbook
Uncle George

Found Poetry



[redacted] i want you back again...oh babyyyyy...the boner jams are flowin

Thu at 3:41am · Comment · Like



[redacted] new girls are turning 18 everyday

Yesterday at 6:16pm · Comment · Like



[redacted] whats ya'll favorite porno site these days?....lose the shame at the door and lets hear some answers

January 6 at 1:38am · Comment · Like



[redacted] i dont need a bitch, all i need is some piff n a box of vanilla dutchmasters

January 26 at 12:00pm · Comment · Like



[redacted] Really Charles Barkley doing taco bell commercials?

Thu at 10:52pm via Twitter · Comment · Like



[redacted] I wanna start using drugs again, but I don't want to do anything I've done previously. Gotta be creative. Any ideas? I was thinking about blowing the dried and crushed up bones of baby leprechauns



[redacted] what will we be? will we be friends? lovers? or will you be my wife?...in the lab makin the donuts

January 15 at 4:20pm · Comment · Like



[redacted] I think I have a drinking problem. What do you think?...

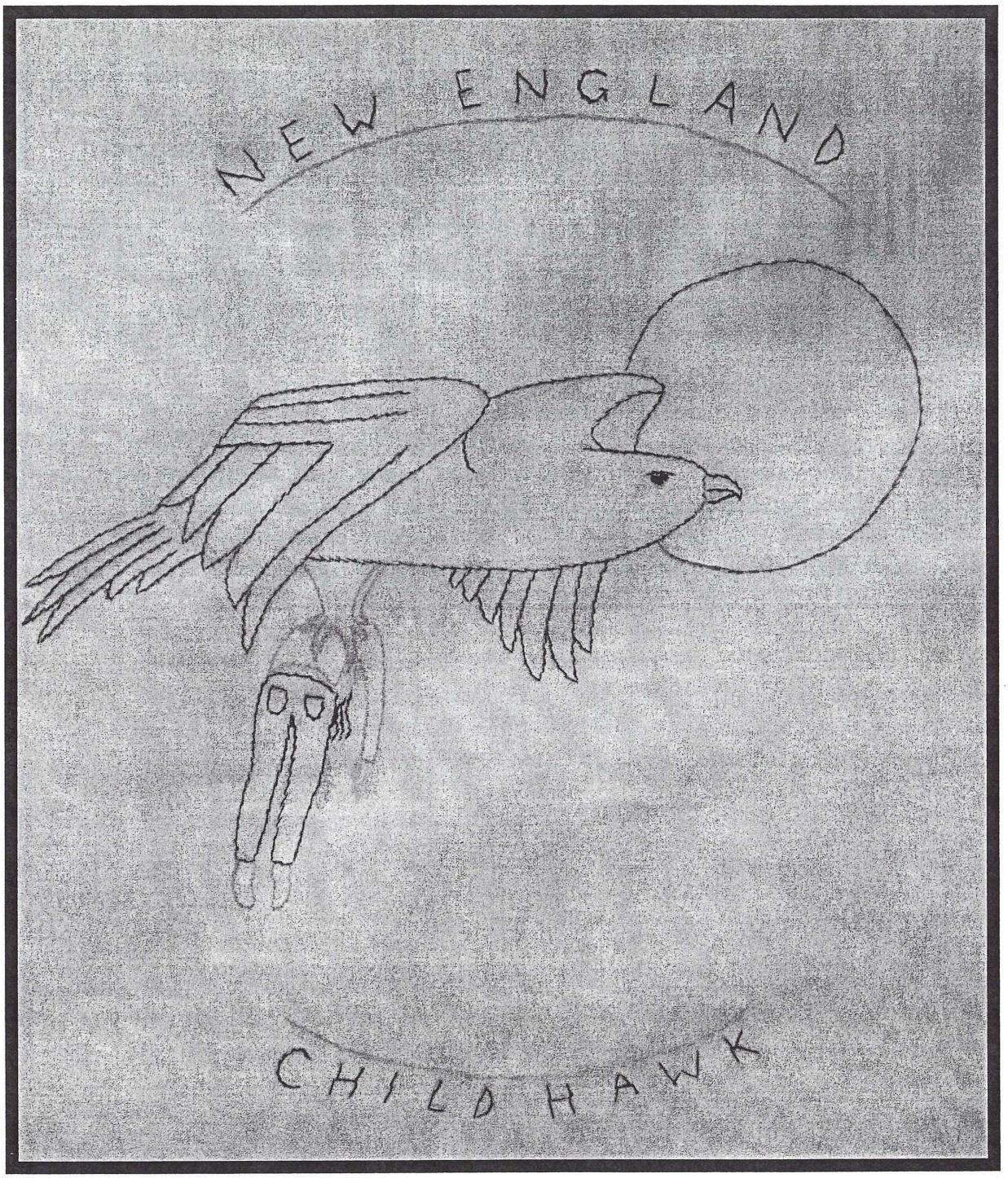
These days I think of the wide variety of frames you can buy. Believe me, I am no artist, but I do have an idea for a piece of art involving a frame. What you do is you place a picture from a disposable camera at the center of an enormous frame. It could be a picture of anything, because the way I imagine it what matters is the cheapness of the picture more than what's in the picture. The real important part is the size: no bigger than a postcard. Forget what's in the picture for now, because things get tricky enough when you start talking about the background. I imagine it as white, about two feet of your plain basic white on any given side of the picture, but I can imagine any other color just as easily, especially orange, or blue. This gets us onto the question of patterns, like stripes, and if we like stripes, we're onto the question of thickness and if we want them vertical or sideways, and what we want the alternating color to be. See, all this just comes out of the background. As for the picture, you want something a man might cross his arms at for a while. Like I said, it doesn't matter much, but it does matter. If I ever get around to making it—but I have so little time these days, with one thing and another, that I doubt I will anytime soon, but if I do, I would like for it to be a picture of me.

"Gesture" by Danny Lorberbaum

BEAST COAST:

Encounters with the East

CRUTAN



"I think I made it up in a parking lot to keep you from walking too far away."

- Dad

THE BRONX MANEATER



"So I found the girl. She ended up at this party i was at and she came up and talked to me because she recognized me. Turns out she's a lot hotter than I thought, too hot! I couldn't handle this girl. She's from the Bronx and she is just here visiting a friend for the weekend. I hung out with her and talked to her and I was mad uncomfortable. My friends all kept saying how hot she was and stuff, Corey even came up to the two of us and said "you guys are so cute you should fuck." Eventually kids were dancing and this kid was all up on her and i am not nearly assertive or confident enough to compete for a girl. So i gave up basically. I was getting really stressed by the whole thing i kept telling people "i cannot handle this situation this girl is too hot." So, all over now!"

- Corbin



woodblock print by richard joyce

One More Cup of Salvation and I'll Go
by Alexander Williams

Is there nobody in the world
who feels no pain? The needle in my arm.

Is there nobody else who feels
me?The doctor's cold hand.

Crossed lovers under stars, could they
understand? Blood,

but a drop. There is no hand holding mine
but mine. Oxygen red on oxygen white.

"How do you feel?" she asked.
"Fine. I've swallowed my things today."

My soft pink flesh.
Doc's eyes, steely.

A bearded man
in the waiting room
had said

Let me save you!

a pamphlet --

as my eyes
roll back in my head
and the whites show

I keep you so close
I sometimes smother you
stopping your breath
from reaching
down to your lungs
cutting off life
while
keeping your heart in suspense
for longer than I should
but
I cannot help it
I need to hold you close
to keep the memory
of us clear
This is how we look together
I must hold you tight and remember
never to let go
no matter what
I cannot forget
the smiles, the kisses
secrets
I didn't know
I cannot forget truly
how awful you really are and how much
I didn't believe it until
too late was today
and tomorrow laughed at my stupidity

so I must hold you close
cut off the breath that keeps your
warm heart beating
loving
every minute
I am with you
remembering the love
suffocating love
out of love
If I don't
I am sure to lose
what you have taught me
never overlook
ignore blissfully
the signs of
disastrous love
so
It is imperative that
I keep you close
to my warm beating chest
strangle you I must and shall
My love, I am sorry
you must die
for me to live
And even after you are dead
walking as a heavy shadow
somewhere far from me

Letting Go to Live: After Midnight Thoughts
by Latoya Hall



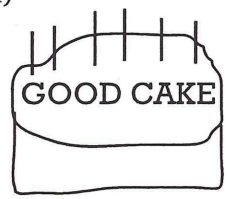
woodblock print by richard joyce

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Don't Have An Oven? Problem Solved!

CAKE FOR THE DORM INHABITANT

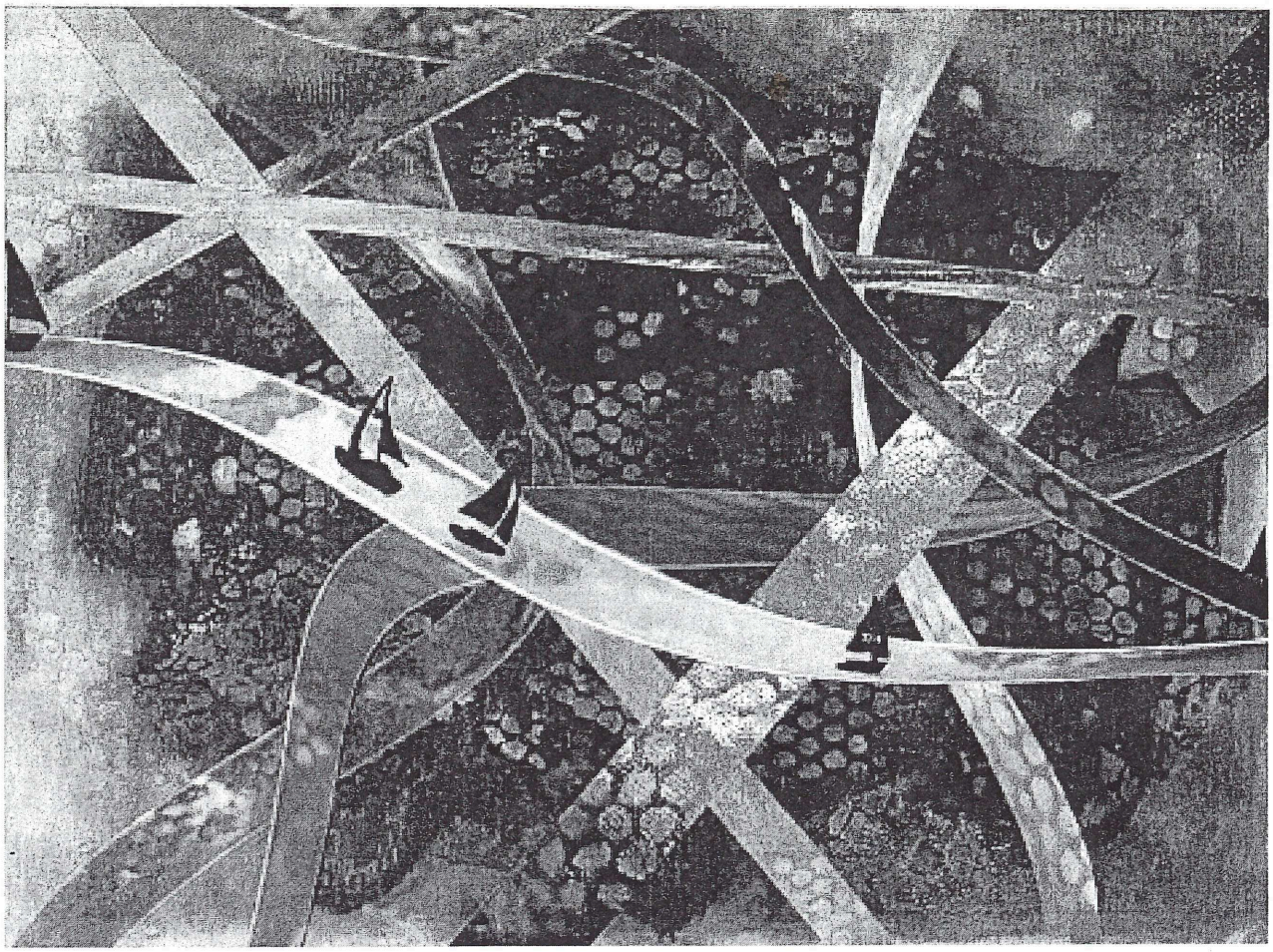
Danica Loucks, author of Think It, Bake It
(http://thinkitbakeit.blogspot.com)



In a mug combine and mix well:
1/4 cup flour
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 Tbsp. flaxmeal
2 Tbsp. baking cocoa
1/4 tsp. baking powder (POWDER people, NOT soda or you will probably have a nasty
cake unless you used 1/16th of a tsp. of baking soda)
1/8 tsp. salt

Add ¼ cup water (4 Tbsp.) to the dry mixture in the mug and stir. Be sure to scrape the bottom well with a spoon as you mix so that there isn't mix left dry at the bottom.
Place mug in microwave for 2-3 minutes. The time will depend on the wattage of your microwave, so start with 2 minutes and then continue in 15 second increments until the cake is cooked to your preference.

Don't burn yourself and enjoy!



ALEXIS SONES

Maroon's superficial sounds,
Parlez-vous L'aventure de bouffe?
Wide girth with a soft ingredient
Virile lust for the autumn moon,
The certificate of a maximum bedfellow (alianza)
Allure.

Queer equity, demure
At the edge of freedom's feverish tomorrow.
Wild-eyed port, a tasty pruning hook
Whispering sweet Tuesdays in the garden
A stuffy moist oxygen.
Allure.

Her abyss stares through me,
Beyond my dreaming lymph nodes,
Beyond my sweet pelvis,
Pleading for the jasmine tea,
I...I stare back.
Allure.

The sugary musk whets me,
The hallowed horn, the stumbling chauffeur,
My troubadour's last desire?
Fondling the barflies? Cardigans!
Alas, love's lost muffin.
Allure.

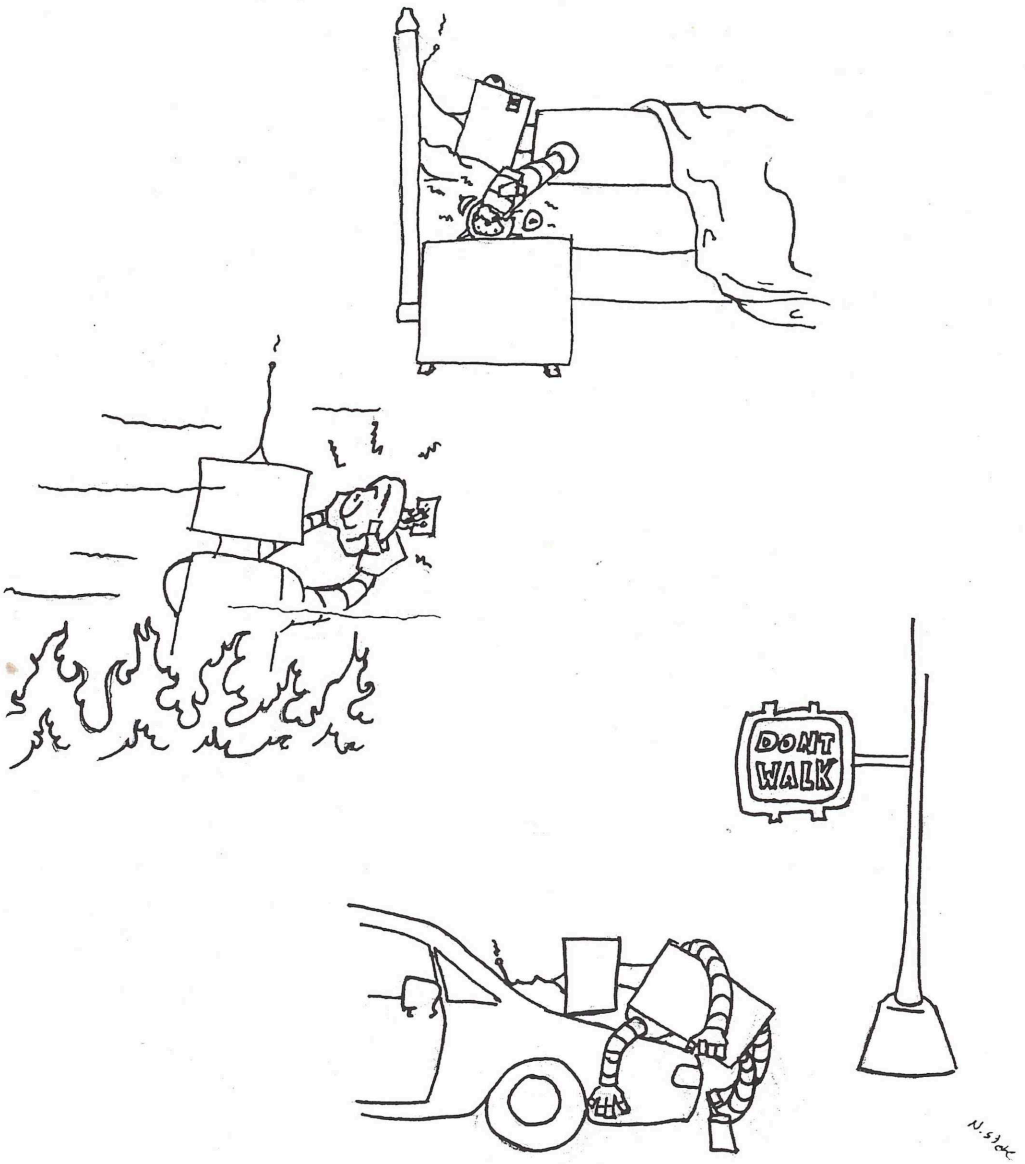
The wet plank is as pleasing to me
As they say the golden apple was
To the setting sun, which will never return,
Gone forever, forever, forever, forever, forever.
Forever, her name will be:
Allure.

-Anonymous

Etude for Snooks Eaglin

By Alex VanBoer

I remember seeing you wandering down by the levee on the outer reaches of the city, walking stick in hand.
"Are you going my way?" you asked as I approached, pointing it towards the river.
"The water's gonna rise up over the edge tonight."
You led me through the busy streets of the French Quarter, past blurry fragments of evening. Eventually, we entered a small building, which I presumed was your favourite restaurant in town. The place was virtually empty and a strange stillness hung amongst the drapes.
"Do they know you by name here?" I ventured, attempting to break the austerity of the room.
Before I received an answer, we were sitting down at the second table near the door with two pretty brunettes whose names and faces currently escape me. One was holding up a mirror, applying a particularly outrageous shade of lipstick, while the other sobbed softly into her Beaujolais. I tried everything to console her, but it was all in vain, and the sobbing only grew worse.
Two quick claps of your hands, and waiters and bussers flew out from the woodwork with steaming hot plates of eggs Benedict. It was at that moment I knew you had betrayed me. As the girls feverishly attacked their dishes, we stared each other down beneath the gaslights.
You were always quicker on the draw than I, though this time I managed, at least, to fire off a round through the brim of your Panama hat.
Outside the windows, a twilight parade had assembled, piercing the approaching darkness with the sound of trumpets, tubas and snares. Crowds of onlookers were pouring into the streets while confetti rained from unseen balconies.
I tasted blood on my tongue and started to whisper a line from an old song, half forgotten,
"What a wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful..."



Robots do not take orders from other machines

Nick Stone

The Essence of J Dilla
by Rasha Harvey

Even though he died four years ago, J Dilla is timeless hip-hop. Whenever I listen to a Q-Tip or Mos Def track, Dilla's presence is in the background. The delayed snare on top of his beats is addicting. Yet, this special feature of Dilla beats inspires loyal listeners like me. The lyrics that accompany the beats usually feature complementary messages about hope, love, and struggle as well.

Last summer, I walked down Broadway near my Uptown Manhattan apartment, thinking about Dilla's connection to public spaces. I ran into people listening to a J Dilla track or an artist inspired by him. While standing in line to buy a newspaper, chilling at a park, or walking to buy ice cream, Dilla was in heavy rotation. New Yorkers embraced this hip-hop legend from Detroit. I listened to the City's residents talk about Dilla at work and the barber shop. Even at seven o'clock on a Monday morning, I was not alone in listening to Dilla track on the subway before work. NPR writes that Dilla was known for his old-school approach to producing music. This reflects the soul you can feel in a Dilla beat. Dilla represents us,

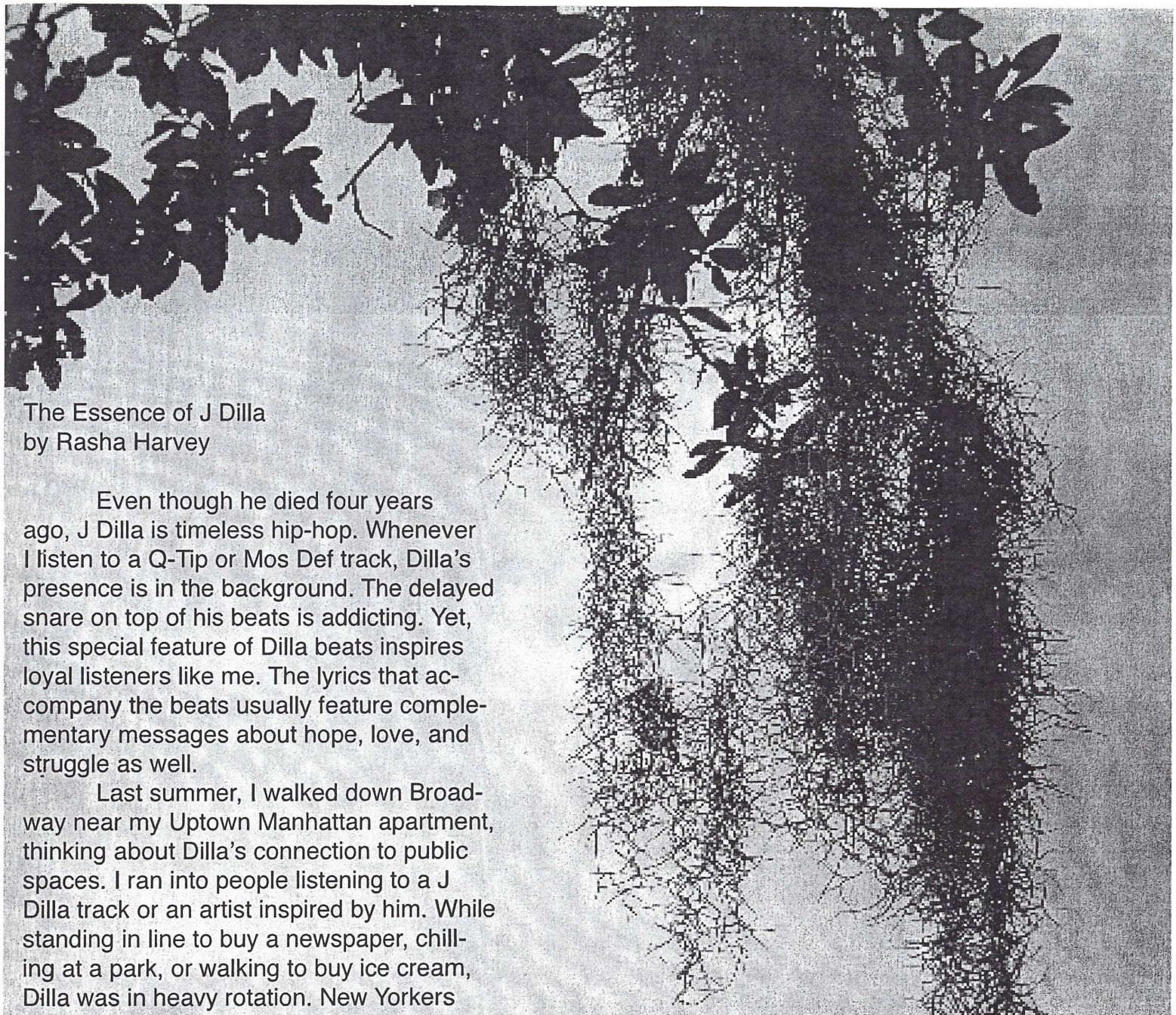


photo by Elena Crosley

Luckily, J Dilla left behind a large number of unreleased beats. Dilla's newest posthumous album, Jay Stay Paid, is a continuation of his greatness. My favorite tracks are "CaDILLAc" and "See That Boy Fly." I highly recommend you purchase the album. It is well done. No one can replace the essence of J Dilla. R.I.P. Jay Dee.



The Bone Collector by Alex Williams

Music plays
to the mania in
us—
Hear it not
in melody?
Lyrics?
Balance on string,
delicate marionette,
and strum—
Dance, tip-toe
trapeze artist—
Gather the notes of these picked-at
words—
and assemble them.

Amazing Crepe Recipe

I learned from living in France with a family this summer

Amanda Gartside

1/2 liter milk (2.11 cups)

2 eggs

250 g flour (preferably King Arthur or another finer flour than typical American store-bought flour) (2.52 cups)

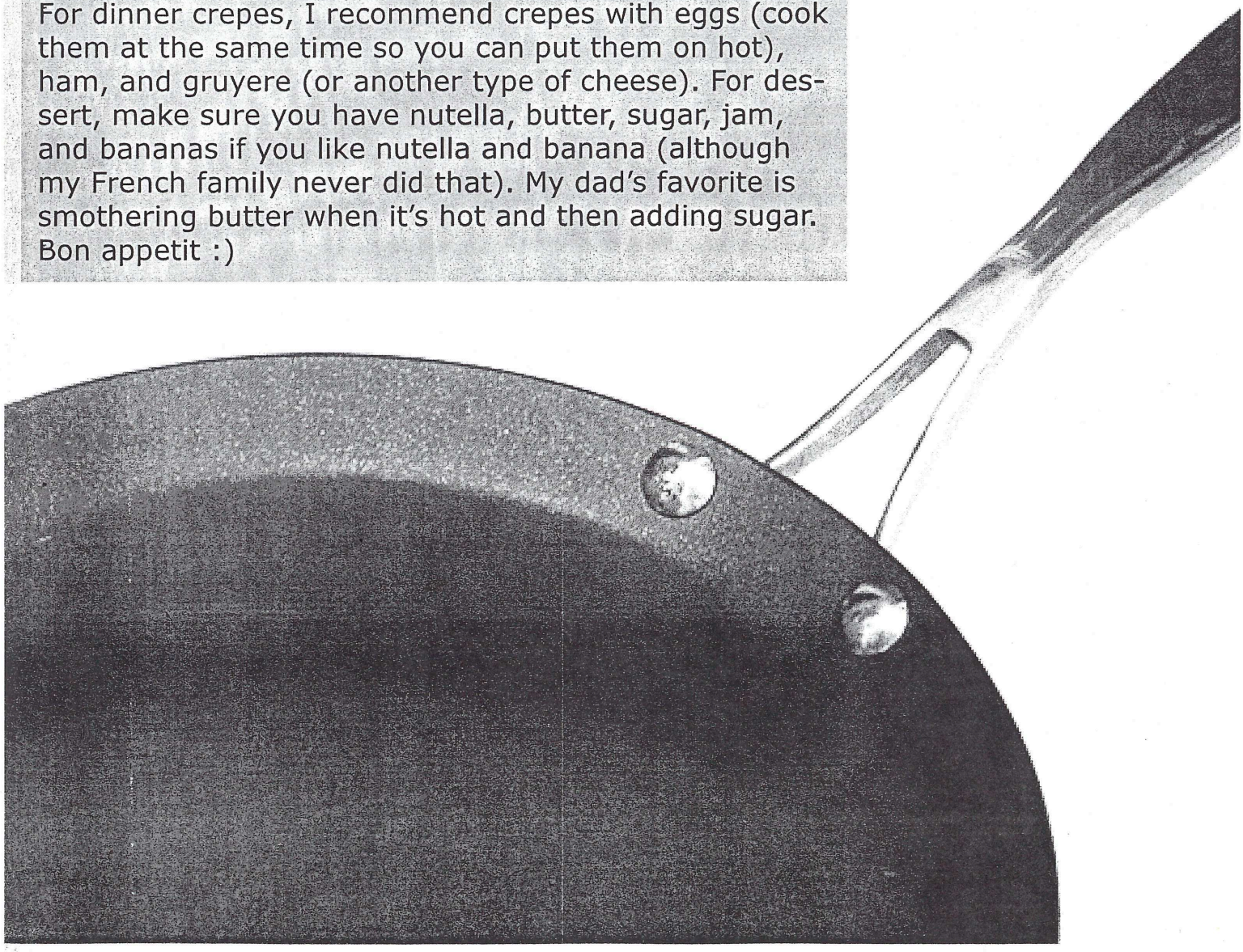
1 pinch of salt

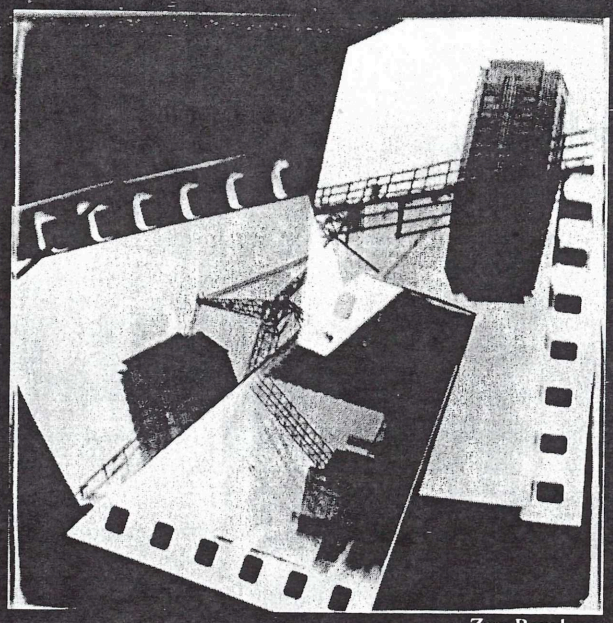
1 tablespoon of vegetable oil

Mix all ingredients together in a blender (I recommend using grams and liters, if possible). Blend for about a minute, until well-mixed. Pour mixture on frying pan to make your crepes :)

Tips on making crepes: Turn on medium heat. Pour quickly in middle of pan and swirl it around quickly to get a very thin layer of batter. Use a spatula to scrape down edges, so that it will be easy to flip. Wait about 30 seconds until small bubbles begin forming, and then flip. Leave for 1 min, or until you feel it is cooked.

For dinner crepes, I recommend crepes with eggs (cook them at the same time so you can put them on hot), ham, and gruyere (or another type of cheese). For dessert, make sure you have nutella, butter, sugar, jam, and bananas if you like nutella and banana (although my French family never did that). My dad's favorite is smothering butter when it's hot and then adding sugar. Bon appetit :)





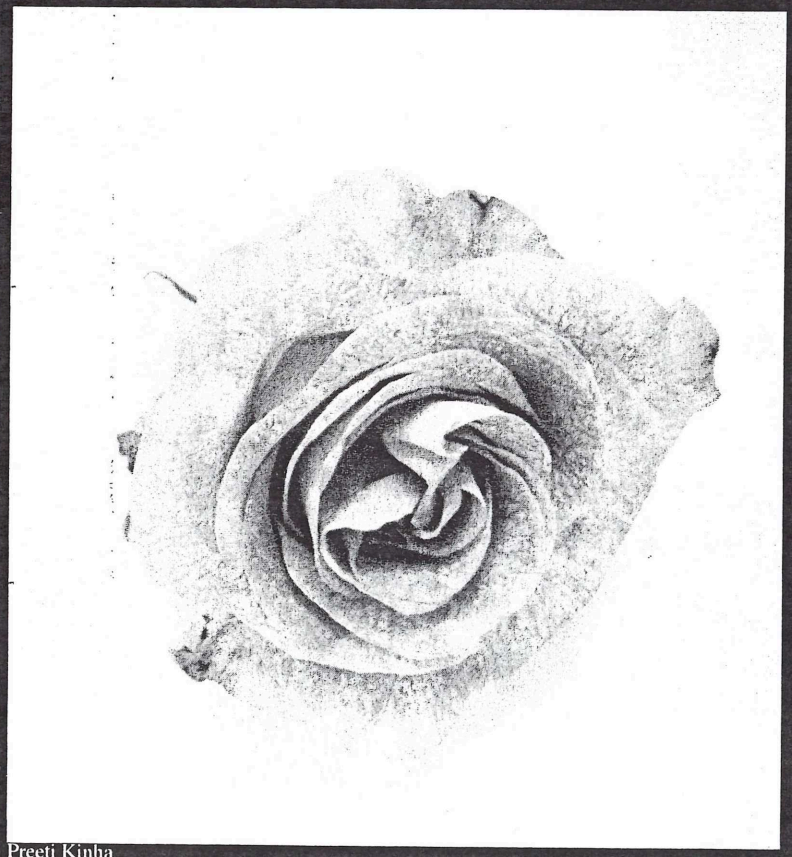
Zara Bowden

Newfoundland

Hundreds of miles away,
There's a place where two souls lay:
Creeping through the back door,
Tip-toeing across the hard-wood floor,
Sighing with the rafter beams,
Ringing from the walls, it seems;
Their laughter: the slow ebb and flow
Of the silent green undertow.
The hammock there sways with a breeze
As light as their intimate ease;
And though the place breathes cold and chill,
Their presence there grows warmer still.

I sit silently at night listening,
Reveling in the moon's glistening;
I wonder where the time must go
But find I suddenly know:
In the warm houses of my memory, it grows and grows.

-Gina Lonati



Preeti Kinha

Spits of Light

aches of red, keens blue;
one quiet catastrophe
after another

Sofia Siegel

Charles Pebuley

For as long as I can remember, I've hated having to brush my teeth. At least, I did until July 20th, 1969. I remember the day clearly. I'd just put a pot of water on to boil. Boiling water at altitude is a lengthy, dull affair, and my attention is short.

So I wandered into my television room and turned on the news. It had been a pretty good day for America, and mankind in general. I'm not sure if you remember, but July 20th was the day Neil Armstrong first stepped foot on the moon. I spent a few minutes watching news coverage of the mission, waiting for my water to break in to a boil. As I began walking back towards the kitchen, something on the television caught my eye. A banner had appeared on the screen. "BREAKING NEWS", it read. The banner faded and a news conference appeared on screen. A plump man in a lamb-white lab coat stood behind a podium. Below him, a bit of text read "Charles Pebuley: Inventor". The camera cut to a close up of the man, and an announcer commented "Today is an historic day for America, and mankind in general. Charles Pebuley, lead scientist and researcher at Toothbrush Inc. has forever changed the way we brush our teeth."

The announcer hushed as Charles started speaking. "Ladies and gentlemen", the scientist began, "never again will you have to dread brushing your teeth." The audience erupted into applause. Charles continued, "Today I am proud to present to you the product of years of hard work." Grinning, Charles reached into the front pocket of his lab coat. His hand emerged grasping a toothbrush unlike any I'd seen before. My jaw dropped. The toothbrush was white, its bristles were white, but surrounding that hard plastic stock was a rubbery blue grip.

"My god," I said to myself, "this is momentous." My mind ran wild. No longer would humanity toil with the pains of gripping a hard plastic toothbrush. A rubber, gripped toothbrush! A comfortable toothbrush! Hope for a generation! Why had it taken so long to invent? I pitied the generations of Americans who lived and died without the pleasure of using an oral hygiene instrument the likes of this one. My teapot continued whistling but all I could do was collapse in front of my television - Collapse onto knees which trembled with joy. "This," I thought to myself, "this has been a great day for America."

by Zachary Coffin

Sofia,

You are my reason to wake up in the morning.
My love for you can't be expressed through kisses.
As long as these shells are whole, so is my love.
You are my special someone.
My heart falls out for you.
Anyone else is the same, but you.
Sofia, I love you.

With true love,
Paris

Dated 3/1/01

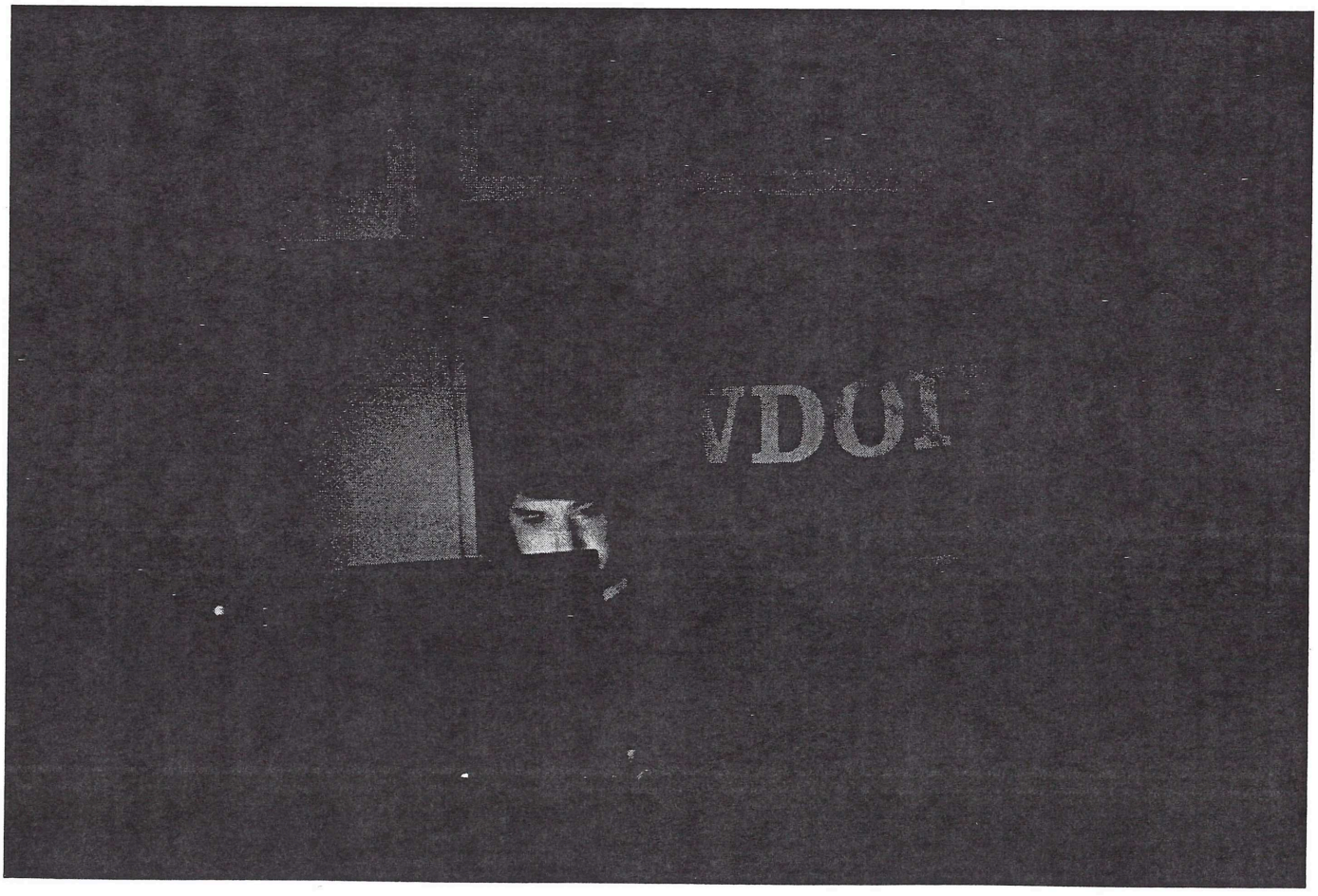


Photo by Seth Glickman

CONFESSION OF DYLAN GREENLEAF PT. 3

"If toys are models that prepare children for future occupations, why do so many mothers allow their kids to play with dump-trucks?" Dylan Greenleaf was utterly confused. He was sitting in a coffee shop near the college campus; Zoe Freshbud sat across the table from him, her hand under the table in his. Her mouth curled in a half smile half vulnerable half pert. Enthralled in road-rage apocalypse, the children by the coffee table smashed trucks together and babbled a discourse lucrative to the mother. She was a professor at the college and Dylan Greenleaf smiled at the thought that he could place a pickup truck before her and she would analyze it for hours before realizing he was pulling her leg.

"Perhaps they're signifiers in a sign system meant to assimilate ecological devastation with endearing child's play…," Zoe Freshbud offered. Dylan, not quite sure what she was talking about, squeezed her hand even harder and thought how much he loved her and dreamed of situations that would bring them closer together. He let his mind wander, skimming over the possibilities.

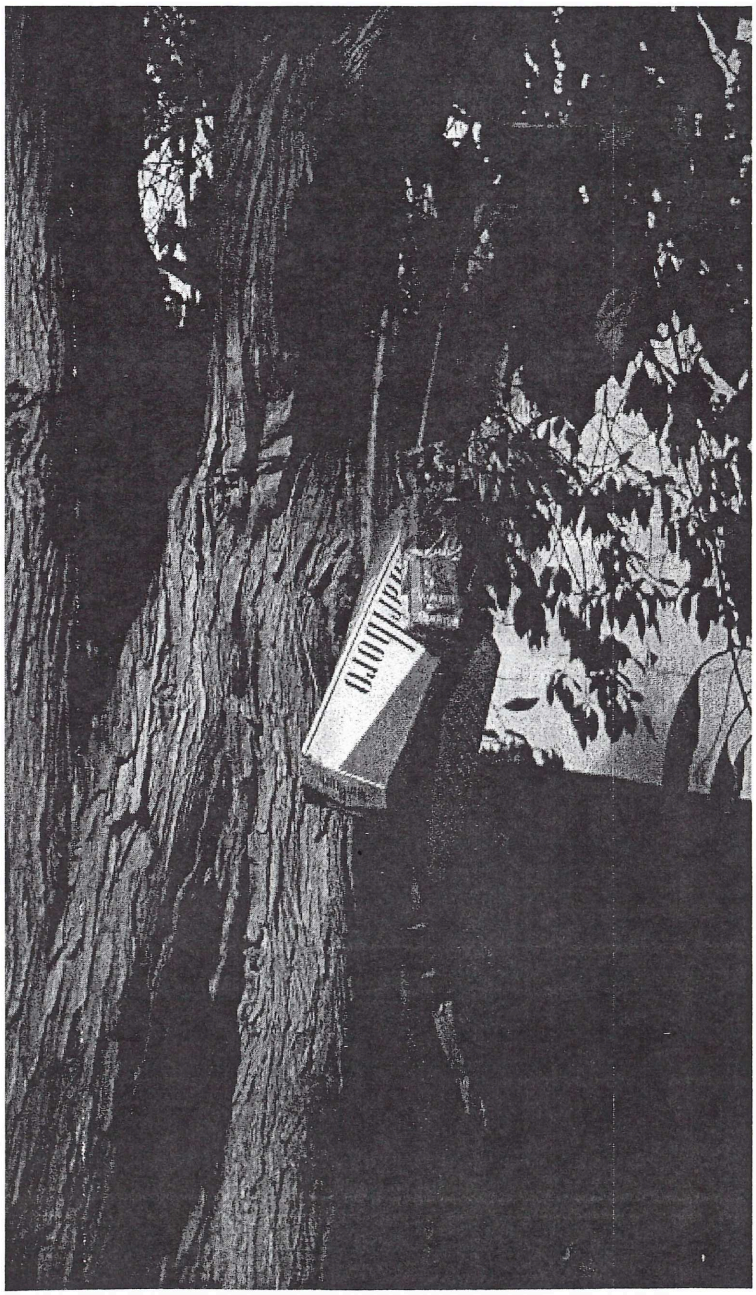


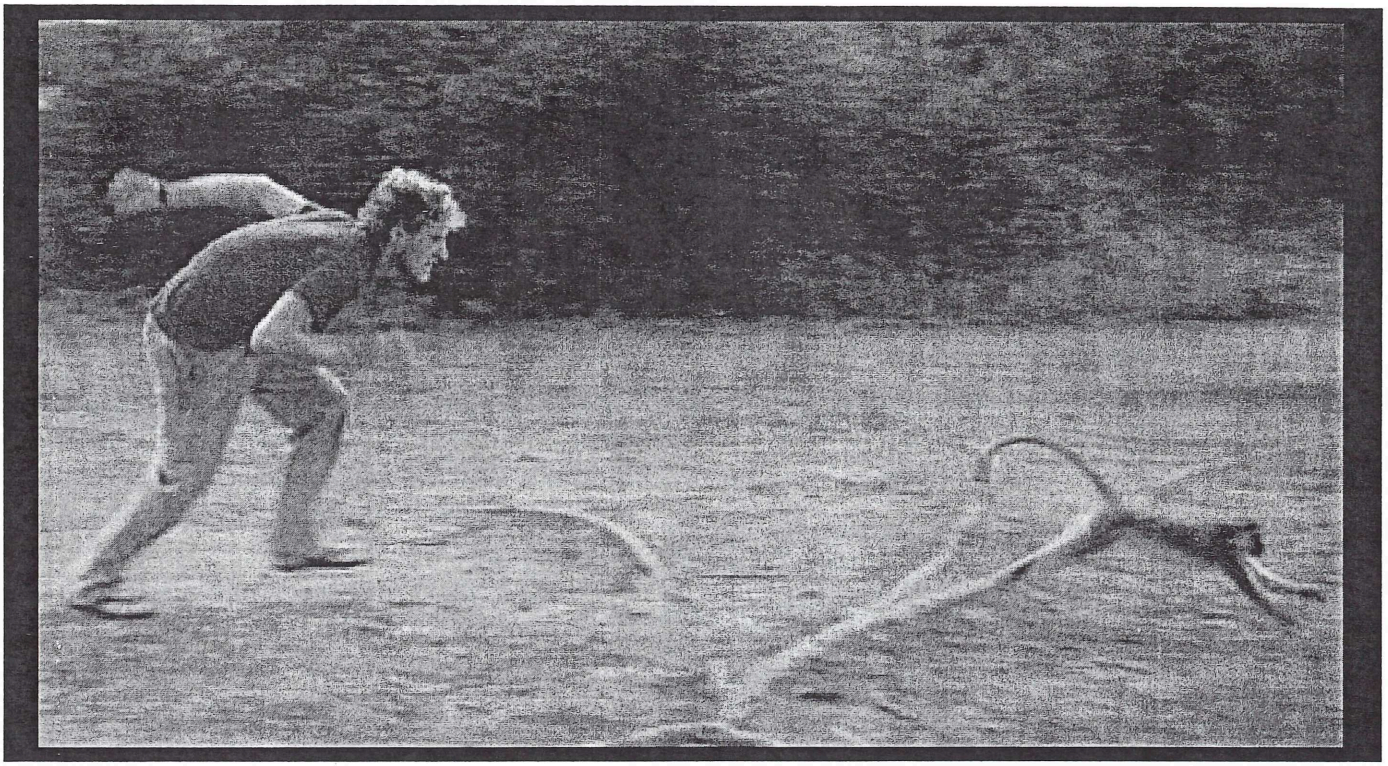
Photo by Salma Berrada

Perhaps if her dog got sick and died, then she'd need someone to comfort her. Perhaps if my dog got sick and died she would comfort me. Now I don't want my dog to die but one must admit there would be perks. Perhaps if I sprain an ankle or if somebody shot me. Perhaps if she accidentally shot me. She'd be indebted to me forever. Or if she were walking to her dorm one night and somebody tried to rape her. A whole gang of rapists tried to rape her. And I intervened. She'd be in debt for a year maybe. Or at least a semester. But Freshbud knows so well how to take favors from men and pay them off illusively, tentatively, in such a way that she remains a perfect lady and me an unsatisfied gentleman. Perhaps if my father died. Or her mother died. Or both my parents died and I 'just needed somebody to talk to'. I wonder what I could get out of her then. Or if our whole families died. It would suck, I know, but one must admit there would be perks. I wouldn't have to turn in that paper tomorrow. I probably could get an extension to the end of the week. Everybody would be so sorry for me and life would be easier for awhile.

Zoe Freshbud no longer smiled. Her wounded expression caught him off guard.

"You haven't been listening to a word of it, have you?" Dylan Greenleaf was positively sure that now would be a perfect moment for all his relations to die. He dreamily reached for his I-phone to check his messages – just in case.

A Day In The Life of Tanner Harvey



To do:

- Background for cigarette lab
- Journal entry for infant
- Infant child packets
- Read. Analysis.
- Get in touch with Africa friends about Ecuador
- Follow up monkey job
- Research nature culture international
- Work on standup
- Pictures for noise
- Think about toasts for ryan and jenny's weddings
- Just research random jobs
- Look for Nashville.
- Talk to clara, talk to ben, talk to zach.
- Photo resume collage.

A boat docked in a tiny Mexican village. An American tourist complimented the Mexican fisherman on the quality of his fish and asked how long it took him to catch them.

"Not very long," answered the Mexican.

"But then, why didn't you stay out longer and catch more?" asked the American.

The Mexican explained that his small catch was sufficient to meet his needs and those of his family.

The American asked, "But what do you do with the rest of your time?"

"I sleep late, fish a little, play with my children, and take a siesta with my wife. In the evenings, I go into the village to see my friends, have a few drinks, play the guitar, and sing a few songs. I have a full life."

The American interrupted, "I have an MBA from Harvard and I can help you! You should start by fishing longer every day. You can then sell the extra fish you catch. With the extra revenue, you can buy a bigger boat."

"And after that?" asked the Mexican.

"With the extra money the larger boat will bring, you can buy a second one and a third one and so on until you have an entire fleet of trawlers. Instead of selling your fish to a middle man, you can then negotiate directly with the processing plants and maybe even open your own plant. You can then leave this little village and move to Mexico City, Los Angeles, or even New York City! From there you can direct your huge new enterprise."

"How long would that take?" asked the Mexican.

"Twenty, perhaps twenty-five years," replied the American.

"And after that?"

"Afterwards? Well my friend, that's when it gets really interesting," answered the American, laughing. "When your business gets really big, you can start buying and selling stocks and make millions!"

"Millions? Really? And after that?" asked the Mexican.

"After that you'll be able to retire, live in a tiny village near the coast, sleep late, play with your children, catch a few fish, take a siesta with your wife and spend your evenings drinking and enjoying your friends."

And the moral of this story is: ..... Know where you're going in life... you may already be there.

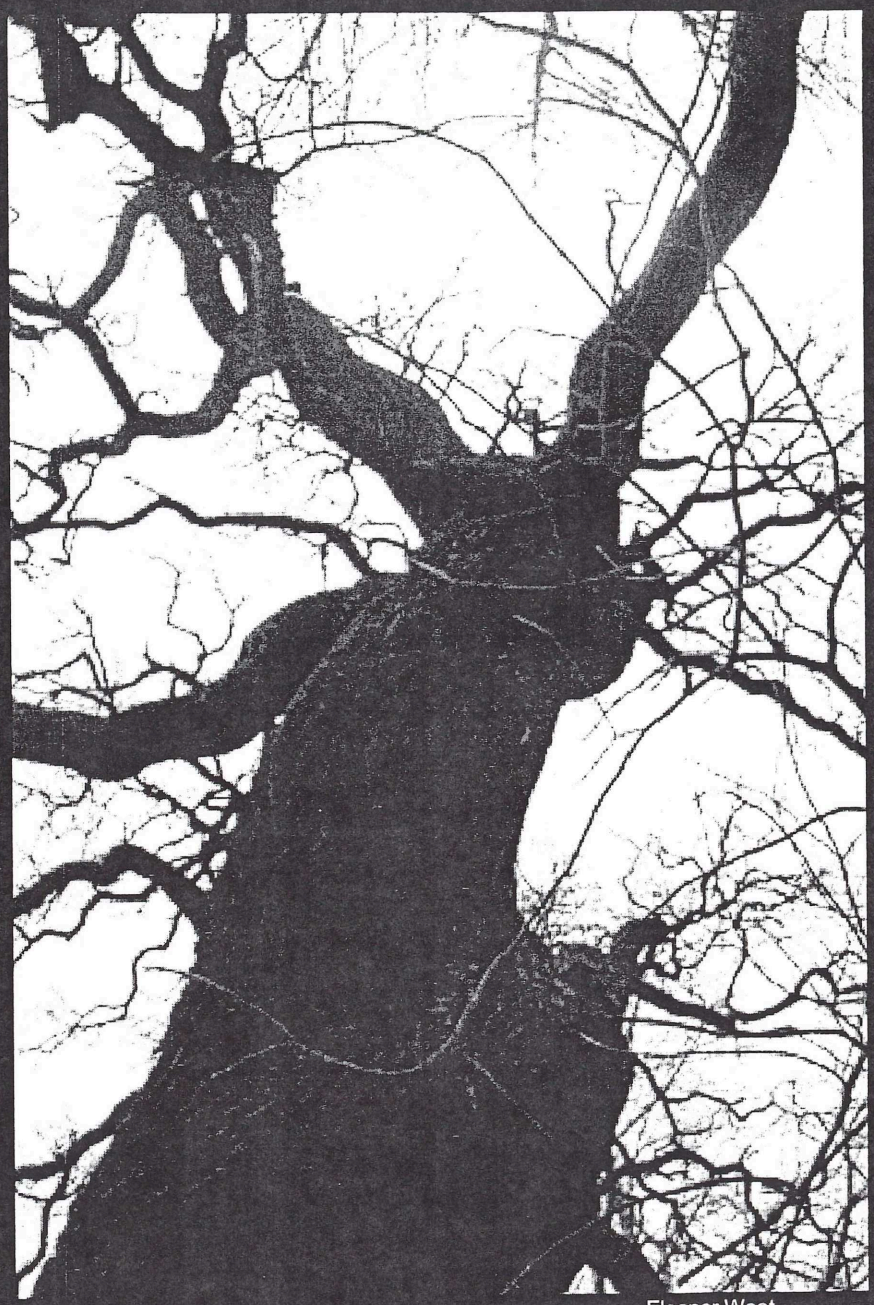
then to a white wall
where looking light reflects
through blooded lids and
heat assembles
color in the dark and
founders into channels

looking forever along
the bright projection,
you will see no nothingness...

but this one time?
I was drinking a coke?
and I was about to mow the lawn?
AND THE VANITY
STRUCK ME DOWN

and I watched it flash invisible
into the trees
as I lay bleeding in the morning glories

-Henry Jamison



Eleanor West

CONCERT CALENDAR

february

2/2 – Lady Lamb the Beekeeper & Dilly Dilly – Port City Music Hall
2/3 – John Brown's Body & Giant Panda Guerilla Dub – Empire Dine & Dance
2/4 – Mike & Ruthy – One Longfellow Square
2/6 – We Push Buttons & Todd the Rocket – Port City Music Hall
2/8 – Maps & Atlases – Space 538
2/9 – Marie Stella – Port City Music Hall
2/10 – Marcus Roberts Trio – Studzinski Recital Hall – Bowdoin College (!)
2/11 – DJ Spooky That Subliminal Kid – Pickard Theater – Bowdoin College (!)
2/12 – Dar Williams – One Longfellow Square
2/13 – Dead of Winter: Portland Songwriters Showcase – Space 538
2/18 – Mates of State – Port City Music Hall
2/19 – John Hollenbeck & Jorrit Dijkstra Duo – Space 538
2/25 – Like Bells – Jack Magee's Pub – Bowdoin College (!)
2/26 – Glenn Jones – Space 538
2/27 – Sidecar Radio – Empire Dine & Dance

march

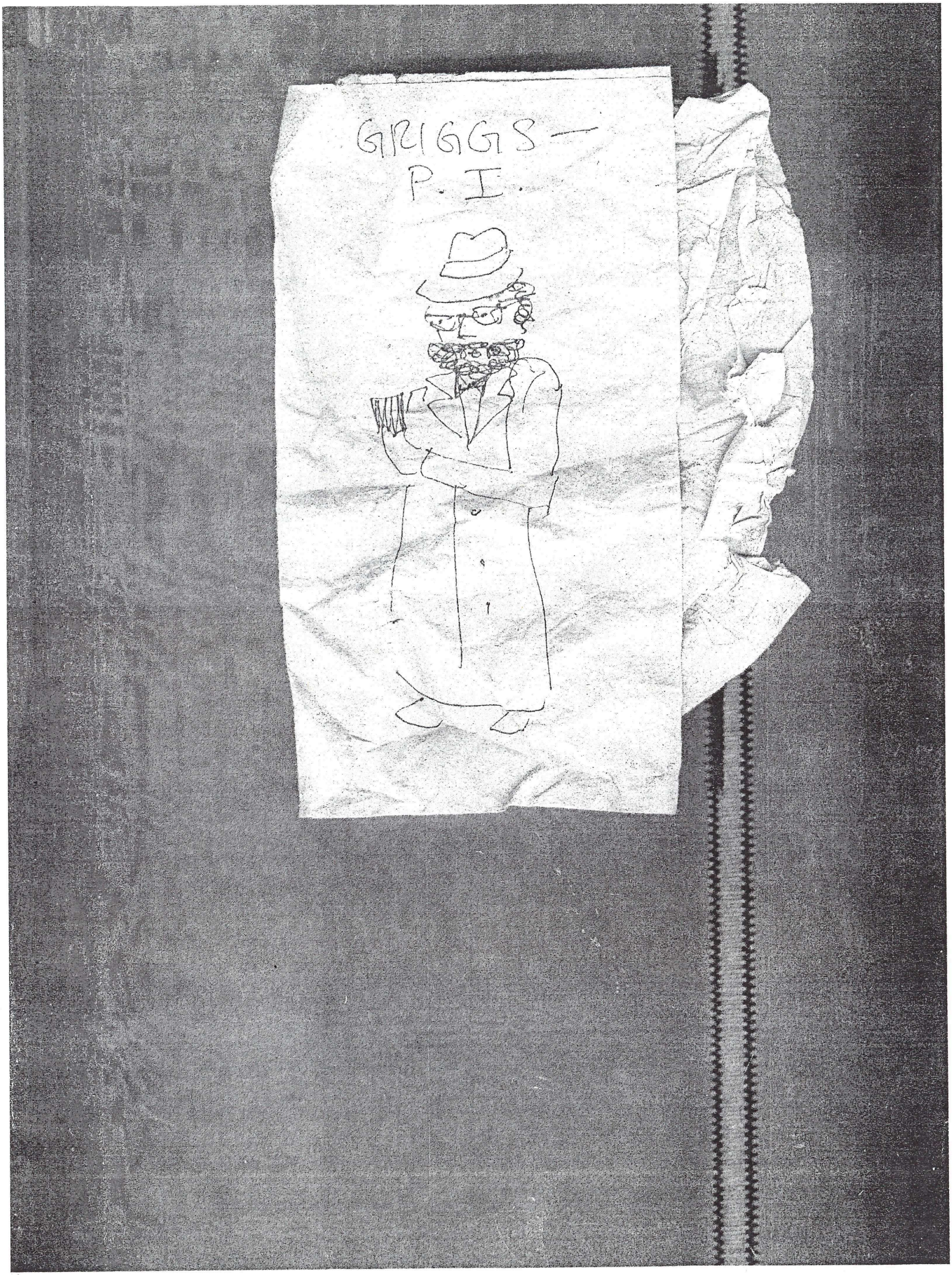
Bela Fleck – Pickard Theater – Bowdoin College (!) – 3/2
Superfrog – University of New Hampshire – Durham, NH – 3/4
Cage the Elephant & As Tall As Lions – Port City Music Hall – 3/6
P.O.S. – Space 538 – 3/11
Carrie Underwood – Cumberland County Civic Center – 3/15
Dead Ahead & Melvin Seals – The Asylum – 3/17
Henry Rollins – Space 538 – 3/18
Toubab Krewe – Port City Music Hall – 3/24
Chris Thile's Punch Brothers – Merrill Auditorium – 3/26
Coheed and Cambria – Port City Music Hall – 3/28

april

4/1 – The Toughcats – The Liberal Cup – Hallowell, ME
4/2 – The Milkman's Union & Spouse – Space 538
4/7 – David Gray & Phosphorescent – Merrill Auditorium

*Unless otherwise noted, all shows are in Portland

think of a room with an old window. the glass has pooled
into an aerated wedge dimly refracting the black glow
of the mountainside . you intuit cold ,impassable
climbs as you recline on a bed with the partner
of your choice. your bodies are hidden between
a thick paneled quilt, wooden frame, and a warm
tumescent mattress. your partner nuzzles your
neck with an acerbic smile. you throw off the covers.
your partner has the body of a shaved orangutan,
hairless save for red, bristly rushes in the armpits
and groin area. i dont blame darwin for decentering
us from the universe.
i blame him for making me see monkies.


GRIGGS—
P. I.